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Moscow

Through the Stereoscope

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Moscow

A Part of Underwood & Underwood's
Stereoscopic Tour Through
Russia

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY

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A WORD BEFORE STARTING.

Many years ago, when tea was a rare luxury, an old sea-captain sent to a friend a small parcel of precious Oolong, thinking to give great pleasure. But the thanks of the recipient had a doubtful ring, so the captain asked how the family had enjoyed the gift.

"Well, you see, we weren't quite sure how to cook it," was the apologetic confession; "but we boiled it tender and ate it for greens. It's a curious taste, isn't it?"

We are all likely to make similar mistakes in our use —and, consequently, in our valuation—of stereographs. In order, therefore, to get from our Russian tour all the pleasure and profit it can give, let us take a few minutes in preparation for the journey, and see:—

a. What is a stereograph?

b. How stereographs should be used.

What is a Stereograph?

There is a fundamental difference between an ordinary photograph and a stereograph. The photograph is taken by means of a single lens-opening in the camera. It shows a building, for instance, exactly as we should see the same building with one eye closed. But in actual vision we use two eyes; the retina of the right eye receives one impression, the retina of the left eye receives another impression, *not* the exact duplicate of the first; our consciousness combines the two impressions into one;

what we practically "see" is a composite of the two retinal impressions.

It is easy to make a simple, experimental test of the difference between one's impressions of the form of a solid object received by the two eyes. Hold your right hand straight out at arm's length in front of you, the palm toward the left, the back of the hand toward the right. Close the left eye and look at the hand. You see almost nothing of the palm, but you do see something of the surface of the back of the hand. Hold the arm in exactly the same position; close the right eye and look with the left only. Now you see little or nothing of the back of the hand, but a part of the palm is visible. Now look with both eyes, as usual. You see a part of the back of the hand and a part of the palm as well; in fact, you see part way *around* the hand. That is to say, you "see" a composite of the varying reports sent in to the brain by. the two eyes, and the result is that the hand looks solid and substantial. It seems to occupy space in three directions, height, width and thickness.

A single photograph of a hand at the distance and in the position indicated above would not give precisely this effect of solidity, of space-occupancy, of tangible reality. The photographic camera has only one eye. Just as a one-eyed man becomes accustomed to his limitations, and learns to piece out his incomplete vision with the help of memory and comparison of other experiences, guessing at solidity on the hint of suggestive shadows here and there, which could, he feels sure, be

caused only by certain changes in the direction of the surface of a thing, so we find ordinary photographs, in spite of their one-eyed vision, immensely *suggestive* of the experiences of direct vision. Photographs are good things.

But stereographs are far better whenever the subject under consideration is one where we wish to *experience the sensation of actually looking at the things themselves.* For what we have in a stereograph of any given scene is a presentation to each eye, separately, of just what that eye would see when the observer occupied one given standpoint. The differences between the observations of the two eyes, one seeing a little farther around on the right side of things, the other seeing farther around their left side, can be partially discovered by a careful comparison of the two parts of any particular stereograph in which some object in the foreground is outlined against some object in the background; but, if we thus examine one of the stereographs, merely holding it in the hand and looking at its complementary parts as we would look at two photographs pasted on one card, and suppose that we are getting the good of the stereograph, we are making the old mistake of treating tea leaves like spinach. The use of the stereoscope is necessary in order that we may receive at the same time the two overlapping impressions through the two eyes, and so once more get the effect of three dimensions in space,—height, width, thickness or depth.

Try an experiment with one of these Russian stereo-

graphs, for example, No. 90, "The Birth of Jesus;—Vladimir Cathedral, Kief." First, take a look at the card, as you hold it in your hand. Yes, it seems at first as if the two prints were absolutely alike. But notice the halo about the head of the Virgin Mother. In the left print there is slight separation between this halo and the marble capital to the left. In the right-hand print you notice twice the interval between the halo and the capital. This shows that the picture on the right was taken by a camera-lens set farther to the right.

It would seem as if such small variations could make little difference. But place the stereograph in the sliding-rack of the stereoscope and, adjusting its distance according to your own eyesight, look out through the lenses.

Is it not like magic,—the way in which you see now the real cathedral, with that cavernous distance in beyond the holy screen? Now you see that the painting of the birth of Jesus, instead of being the central panel in a row of three (as it at first looked to be), is away back, behind the screen; you are seeing it at a respectful, reverential distance, through an opening in the sacred portal.

The two prints, while held in hand, were excellent photographs, but, while viewed with the naked eye, they showed us only height and width, leaving us to infer the dimension of depth as best we could,—and we made poor work of it! They entirely declined to give us any adequate impression of depth. This impression the stereoscope has supplied by making for us a "composite" of the slightly varying messages received by our two eyes.

The stereoscope does this. It does still more.

When the stereograph, in its sliding-rack, is brought to the right position to suit individual eyesight and is properly seen through the obliquely set stereoscopic lenses, the impression made on the eyes by any given detail is that of the full-size object at the full, actual distance. For instance, suppose a stereograph shows a man who was actually thirty feet away from the camera at the moment of exposure. His image exists on the print only a fraction of an inch high. But, when that tiny image, seen through the stereoscopic lens at the distance of a few inches, delivers its message to the eyes, it has the effect of the very message the eyes would receive from the full-size man at the thirty-foot distance. The possibility of this correspondence of impressions made by a large object at a long distance and a small object at a short distance is something readily observed. A common letter-envelope, held up at arm's length, may easily hide from view a picture twelve times its size on the wall of the room. It may even fill the same focal angle as a whole building at a still greater distance outside the window. In the case of our stereographs, the fact is that a printed figure a fraction of an inch high, a few inches distant, fills the same space in the eye as a figure five or six feet tall at the distance of the real man from the operator's camera at the moment of taking the negative. The result of the fact is that when we look through the lenses of the stereoscope we practically *look also through the stereograph as if it were a transparent screen, and*

we see the real objects, full-size, as far distant from us as they were from the camera when the stereograph was taken.

There are some people to whom it appears at first that only miniatures of objects are shown in the stereoscope. This is due mainly to their constant remembrance of the small card a few inches from their eyes. They modify what they might see by what they think they ought to see. If such people will take note for a time of the fact that they see nothing on the surface of the photographic prints so close to their eyes, that they see everything back of these prints as actually as if they were looking through transparent screens or windows, then they may get impressions of objects or places in the stereoscope as large as they would if looking at the original scene through windows of the same size and at the same distance.

Stereographs, then, can give us (color only excepted) the very same visual impressions that we should receive in the presence of the actual things.

Moreover, a stereograph, properly seen through the stereoscope, takes us into the presence of a certain scene in a sense fairly analogous to that in which the telephone brings a friend close to us. The intermediate processes could be traced if we had space, making a most interesting study. Of course, in the telephone a friend's body is not brought to us; nevertheless we get a definite sense that he, his real self, is brought near us. Not only is he near for all purposes of communication through the ear, but we

feel that we are in his very presence. Our feelings are, our experience is, not that we are in the presence of a telephone, which gives out certain articulate sounds, but in the presence of a human soul.

Now it is in an analogous way that we may feel that we have been transported to the distant place which is represented to us in the stereoscope. Our material body is in our own chair at home, but our thinking, feeling self, our real self, is in the presence of a place in Russia. The reason why our experience is that a person *comes to us* in the telephone while *we go* to the place in the stereoscope is this—What we see, more than anything else, gives us our sense of location. When we use the telephone we see a room about us, and, consequently, we get a distinct sense of our location there. But the testimony of our ear at the telephone is that our friend is close to us; we can't disregard this any more than we can disregard the testimony of our eyes. His voice sounds as if he were near, and that is sufficient to make us *feel* as if he were near. But since, in fixing our own location, what we see is more important than what we hear, our experience is that we stay in our room, and our friend comes near to us there. When we use the stereoscope, on the other hand, the hood about our eyes shuts our room away from us, shuts out the America or England that may be about us, and shuts us in with the hill or the city or the people standing out behind the stereoscopic card. If now we know by the help of maps where on the earth's surface this hill or city or group of people is located, then

we may have a distinct sense of our own location there. The conditions are that we shall look intently, and look with some thought not only of the location of what is before us, but also of what we know (from the study of the maps) must be on our right and left or behind us.

The best evidence that we do get such an experience when we use stereoscopic views properly, is the fact that, ever afterwards, we find ourselves going back in memory over mountains or seas to the place in the distant country where the real scene is located, much more than to the room in America or England where we saw the stereoscopic scene. After all, to get such an experience by means of the stereoscope is little, if any, more extraordinary, when we think of it, than our experience in connection with the telephone.

Now, whenever we do get this sense of location by the stereoscope it means that we have gained not merely accurate visual impressions of certain places in Russia, such as we should get if we went there in body, but also part of the very same feelings we should experience there. The only difference between the feelings gotten in the one case and the other is a difference of quantity or intensity, not a difference of kind. Therefore, the experiences we may gain through the stereoscope are not to be considered as mere make-believe experiences of being in distant places in Russia,—not substitutes for real experiences there. The representations of parts of Russia which are to be before us in the stereoscope will be substitutes for the real Russia, but the feelings they may stir

in us, as well as the visual impressions they may give us, are of the very same warp and woof as those gotten by going to Russia in the body.

In this beginning of a new century we hear much about modern advances in the solution of the problem of transportation. Electric railways, automobiles,—the outlook toward possible future developments is something marvelous. But our possession which most resembles the magic travelling-carpet of Aladdin in the old story is the stereoscope.

Nobody in these days needs argument for the desirability of travel. We travel to "see things," to enlarge our personal experience of the world and its people, to gather in materials for thought and for growth in thought, and to increase our immediate and prospective resources of happiness. "Culture," says Miss Blow in her Study of Dante, "is the process by which the individual reproduces in himself the experience of the race."

The journey we are about to take, by the help of the stereoscope, through the heart of Russia, is one which can give us stores of delightful memories; at the same time it can—if we choose—be the occasion and incentive of a long course of reading and study. All we already know of Russian history,* politics, literature and social life will naturally make the sights we see more full of meaning and charm. On the other hand, every place we see in the land of the Czar, as we cross it from the Baltic to the Black Sea, will increase our healthy hunger

* A brief summary of Russian history is given on page 7 for convenient reference.

for a still fuller outlook into this world of ours and into the lives of the people, so like us, so unlike us, who share with ourselves the enjoyments and the responsibilities of being alive today.

How to Use Stereographs.

a. Experiment with the sliding-rack which holds the stereograph until you find the distance that suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.

b. Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. This is often best obtainable by sitting with the back towards window or lamp, letting the light fall over one's shoulder on the face of the stereograph.

c. Hold the stereoscope with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you, the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

d. First, read the statements in regard to the *location on the appropriate maps,* of a place you are about to see, so as to have already in mind, when you look at a given view, just where you are and what is before you. After looking at the scene for the purpose of getting your location and the points of the compass clear, then read the explanatory comments on it. You will like to read portions of the text again after once looking at the stereograph, and then return to the view. Repeated returns to the text may be desirable, where there are many details

to be discovered. But read through once the text that bears on the location of each stereograph *before* taking up the stereograph in question; in this way you will know just where you are, and the feeling of actual presence on the ground will be much more real and satisfactory. On the maps you will find given the exact location of each successive standpoint (at the apex of the red V in each case) and the exact range of the view obtained from that standpoint (shown in each case by the space included between the spreading arms of the same V). The map system is admirably clear and satisfactory, giving an accurate idea of the progress of the journey, and really making one feel, after a little, quite at home among the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

e. Go slowly. Tourists are often reproached for their nervously hurried and superficial ways of glancing at sights in foreign lands. Travel by means of stereographs encourages leisurely and thoughtful enjoyment of whatever is worth enjoying. You may linger as long as you like in any particularly interesting spot, without fear of being left behind by train or steamboat. Indeed, you may return to the same spot as many times as you like, without any thought of repeated expense! Herein lies one of the chief delights of Russia-in-stereographs,—its easy accessibility. Edward Everett Hale, who has a genius for common sense, said once in a chapter of advice on how to travel:—

"Above all, see twice whatever is worth seeing.
Do not forget this rule—we remember what we see

> twice. . . . At Malines—what we call Mechlin—our train stopped nearly an hour. At the station a crowd of guides were shouting that there was time to go and see Rubens' picture of ———, at the church of ———. This seemed to us a droll contrast to the cry at our stations, 'Fifteen minutes for refreshments!' It offered such æsthetic refreshment in the place of carnal oysters that, purely for frolic, we went to see. We were hurried across some sort of square into the church, saw the picture, admired it, came away, and forgot it—clear and clean forgot it! . . . I do not know what it was about any more than you do. But if I had gone to that church the next day, and seen it again, I should have fixed it forever on my memory."

We all know how great is the pleasure of recalling before the mind's eye places or things that have once filled us with wonder and admiration. Stereographs make it easily possible to call up such scenes over and over again, not only to the mind's eye, but actually to our corporeal eyes, giving us precisely the same sensations as at first, only enriched and made fuller of meaning by virtue of the thinking we have done meanwhile. We all know books that we have read over and over, seeing in them each time more than we saw before, because we have taken to them each time a richer mind to do the reading. So repeated visits to the same place often surprise us with revelations of interesting and significant things quite overlooked in a first visit. And Russia is well worth such re-visiting.

OUR complete Russian "Tour" consists of one hundred original stereographs of the more important places in Russia, arranged in the same order a tourist might visit them. M. S. Emery acts as a personal guide in an accompanying book of over two hundred pages. In this book are also given ten maps of our new patented system, specially devised for the purpose of showing the route and definitely locating the stereographs. Educators say that by the proper use of stereographs, with these maps, people may get genuine experiences of travel.

MOSCOW.

St. Petersburg and its environs are full of interest, so full that no one wants to tear himself away but for knowing that other Russian cities have their own charms of their own kinds. But we can have no adequate idea of Russia until we visit the old capital at Moscow, four hundred miles to the south-east. In St. Petersburg everything is comparatively new, since its existence as a city goes back but two hundred years. In Moscow whatever is modern is at the same time overhung by traditions of strange, barbaric peoples who centuries ago fought over the possession of the town, and of old-time rulers whose sway was as relentless and bloody as that of the kings of the old Hebrew stories.

Before the building of railroads, comparatively few foreigners had travelled in Russia. European ideas of the country were generally hazy, but the haze was a golden one. People had heard of the splendors of court life under Anne, Elizabeth and Catherine II, and "Muscovy," a popular name for the imperial dominions, was vaguely regarded as a land of fabulous distances and fabulous riches. When Napoleon in 1812 led the French armies up toward Moscow, the soldiers in imagination saw themselves returning home rich with the rifled store of an Arabian Night's treasure-house. No wonder their hearts beat high as they drew near the city they had heard of all their lives as a centre of semi-Oriental wealth and luxury! We are to see Moscow also.

A word first about the maps. We shall use two at Moscow, a general map of Moscow and a map of the Kremlin or central part of the city. A quick survey of the general map gives a few of the main features of Moscow. The Moskwa river comes from the west and winds in great curves toward the east and south. The Kremlin is situated just north of the second upward bend, and from this point streets extend outward in all directions like spokes in a wheel, while other streets circle about the Kremlin in concentric rings. Away down in the lower left-hand corner of the map are the Sparrow Hills. There we find a circle in red enclosing the number 47, also in red. From a point near this circle two red lines branch out, extending over the city toward the north-east. We are to take our stand first at that point and look out over that section of Moscow which lies between the two lines.

47. From the Sparrow Hills: Napoleon's First View of Moscow.

We can trace a part of the very route taken by the French that disastrous autumn of 1812. It was here, on the crest of the rolling-ground known as the Sparrow Hills, that the invaders caught the first glimpse of the city of their dreams. Domes and towers and spires and roofs were spread out much as we see them now, every dome and roof gilded or silvered or painted in brilliant colors, red and green and blue, like some gorgeous picture-book.

"All this is yours!" exclaimed Napoleon. And the soldiers took up the shout of "Moscow! Moscow!" Poor fellows! Very few of them lived to see Christmas Day.

Can you make out at the extreme right a tall building with a lofty dome standing out against the sky? That, at least, was not here in 1812; it is the great Temple of Our Saviour, built afterwards to commemorate the expulsion of Napoleon's army. We shall find its high roof, by-and-by, a good vantage-point for our own observations. Its location on our general map is a little south-west of the Kremlin.

But our own invasion is a peaceful one; all we want of Moscow just at present is an opportunity to wander about the old streets and see the people come and go about their own affairs. We will go down to the foot of the hill, cross that river, the Moskwa, which we see glimmering through the trees, and then ride on along the country road among those vari-colored fields of grass and grain. We shall pass close by that convent straight ahead, with the tall tower and the dome-capped buildings surrounded by the high, white wall; and just beyond the convent we shall find the Moscow suburbs.

48. Novo Devitchi Convent, near Moscow.

Here we are almost at the convent gates. They told us in St. Petersburg that Moscow is the place to see curious, bulb-like domes, and, sure enough, here they are. Fifteen domes in this one group of buildings,—it is not a bad beginning. See how strange their form is. The dome of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 18, St. Petersburg) was built during the present century by a French architect, and in its proportions and contour is like fine domes in other countries. But these odd, onion-shaped bubbles, set on drums so tall as to amount to cylindric towers,—how strange they are! They remind us of pictures we have

seen of Chinese Tartary; and no wonder they do. We know that a horde of Tartars possessed the land all about here for three hundred years (from the middle of the thirteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century), and their outlandish modes of architecture remain to tell the tale. Not but that the Russians hated the Tartar conquerors in vigorous mediæval fashion. But, after all, whatever they felt toward the Tartars, the Oriental rage for bulbous domes did please the childlike Muscovites, and they kept up this way of building long after they were free to build in any style they liked.

Look at that wall with the elaborate coping and at the low, castellated towers set in at intervals! They look as if they were intended for military defence once upon a time. What strange, upstart, modern interlopers they must consider this telegraph line that extends along the road, and the street lamps too. Moscow is a place where things ancient and modern are often queerly jumbled together.

The Novo Devitchi (New Maiden's) Convent has stood here ever since 1524. The Poles once burned several of the buildings, but these were restored by Michael, the first Czar of the house of Romanoff. The place has often been a haven of refuge for women during stormy times in the great world outside. Peter the Great sent his brilliant and ambitious sister Sophia here much against her will, near the end of the seventeenth century, when she insisted on being too conspicuous a factor in the government. While he was building St. Petersburg up yonder on the Neva, she was a nun, saying prayers in the chapel here instead of interfering with politics. It would be interesting to know what she really thought about the whole matter, while

she walked about the convent garden, or gave imperious orders to the meek, little novices.

Moscow itself is calling us, and we must push on past the convent, through the outlying streets of the rambling city. The magnificent Temple of Our Saviour is our first objective point. From there we can get the best general view of the Kremlin, our second objective point.

49. Temple of Our Saviour, Moscow.

Still more domes! This is not an old church; it was begun only about sixty years ago by Nicholas I, to commemorate the deliverance of Holy Moscow from the French, but its style was very wisely made to harmonize with the general effect of the other Moscow churches. It is built of native stone, and is really enormously large, though the size does not perhaps impress us at first sight. They say seven thousand people can attend mass here at one time. The older churches in the city (and there are perhaps six hundred of them) almost never show any sculptured decorations. In fact, it has been understood to be contrary to the canons of the Russian Church to use high-relief sculpture in connection with religious structures; but the rule must be relaxing, for the French architect of St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg (Stereograph 18) used sculptures freely, wherever he wanted them for decorative purposes, and here on this Temple we find Russian artists doing essentially the same thing,—with good effect, too. That continuous band or frieze of sculptured figures, extending around the building between the upper and lower windows, certainly contributes a great deal towards the beauty

of the whole. The construction of this church out of stone is an exceptional thing for Moscow. This region has little building-stone of its own, and brick and wood are much more commonly used, often overlaid with stucco. These curved gables, pinched in sharply at the line of the ridge-pole, are constructive forms that Russia delights to use; and the long, plain, easily traceable vertical lines of the principal wall supports are characteristically Russian, too.

The domes of this church are literally covered with gold; sheets of actual gold-leaf were applied to their entire surface, and the gilding alone cost three-quarters of a million dollars. When they set out to do a thing in Russia, they do it. The scenes from the Bible and the New Testament, which cover the walls of the temple, were painted by the celebrated Russian painters Makovsky, Semiravsky, Prianishnikoff, Repin and others. The window frames are made of bronze, each frame weighing two-and-a-half tons. The image of the God of Sabaoth on the inside of the dome is probably the largest figure ever painted—the stretch of arms, from point to point, is forty-nine feet. The figure of Jesus is seven feet in height.

That must be a girls' boarding-school out for a walk. Perhaps the vigilant *chaperone* is taking her flock home from some service in the church. Young girls are always attractive, and it would be interesting to see these more closely if we could. All the world was reading a few years ago the school-girl diary of Marie Bashkirtseff, the beautiful and gifted Russian artist who did such good work in Paris and died so young. Is there another Marie here, maybe, dreaming ambitious dreams of art and fame, falling

in love and falling out again, speculating about life and death and immortality, and frankly admiring her own image in the bed-room mirror?

The best place from which to get general views of the city, including our view of the Kremlin as a whole, is that railed-in space on the top of the main building, around the base of the dome. We will go up there for our outlook after we have visited the inside of the church.

50. The Altar, Temple of Our Saviour, Moscow.

Here again, as in the Peter and Paul Cathedral at St Petersburg (Stereograph 27), we see no statues of sacred personages, but always pictures instead. Their subjects are much like those in the Latin (Roman Catholic) churches with which we are familiar; saints, martyrs, patriarchs and prophets. Some of these paintings about the high altar are by Verestschagin, the famous Russian, several of whose works were exhibited in America a few years ago and made a great impression on the public.

This structure here before us, a bewildering *façade* of marble, colors, gold and silver, is the *ikonostasis,* or sacred screen, which stands in front of the actual altar, shielding that from the gaze of the people. During service the officiating priests come and go through those beautifully carved doors in the centre of the screen, doors costing thousands of dollars, a mass of precious metals wrought by the most skillful workmen. Candles and lamps of holy oil are both devoted here to the honor of God and the saints; see, some candles stand on tall candlesticks, some at the

right, before the picture of the Virgin and Child, fill a hanging chandelier. At each side wing of the *ikonostasis* a lamp swings by long chains.

Close by us at the right, just outside the chancel rail, near the large picture of the Virgin and Child, we can see an *ikon* that is a special favorite. Five tall candles stand before it, and many are the hearty prayers offered up by devout worshippers who come here with their confessions and petitions.

We see here, even more conspicuously than when we were looking at the street signs, how beautifully decorative Russian letters are.

The inscription above this huge, painted figure of the prophet, on the wall at the right, is as beautiful as any arabesque pattern; and the vertical band of lettering at the left of the prophet repeats the same ornamental effect. Truly, Russian designers have admirable material at hand in the very alphabet itself.

Now for the place on the roof we saw surrounded by the gilded railing when we were out in the street (Stereograph 49). There we will take time to look about us at our leisure.

51. "Holy Moscow," Looking North from the Temple of Our Saviour.

This is the newer, modern part of the city. See! It stretches away as far as the eye can reach, buildings and trees, gay-colored roofs, with gilded domes blossoming here and there all over the scene like tall-stemmed flowers. The population of this place is over 900,000, so the books say, and it is a prosperous manu-

facturing city. All the principal railroads in the empire centre here. St. Petersburg may continue to be the political centre of Russia, but Moscow is steadily increasing in industrial and commercial importance. Though she possesses some of the most curious antiquities in the empire, she herself is far from falling asleep. On the contrary, she is very much awake and at work, and means to have all the modern improvements worth having. See the telegraph wires and the electric-light poles down there in the street! And public libraries are another sign of modern ideals in living; Moscow has her public library too. Look at this low, corner building at our feet, with the gable roof and the curving front! Just beyond it we see a square, two-storied building with a balustrade around the roof. Beyond that, on the corner of a cross street, is another two-storied building with an entrance door in the middle. Now look almost straight beyond that, just a bit to the left, and you see a tall building with a heavy cornice crowning its light-colored walls, and a cupola above, surrounded by columns arranged in pairs. That is the public library and museum, once the palace of a noble Russian family. We shall see it nearer by-and-by.

Let us turn to our map for a minute now. Finding the Temple of Our Saviour again, south-west of the Kremlin, we see two red lines branching out from it toward the north, each having the number 51 at its extremity on the map margin. We have been looking just now over that part of the city which these lines include.

From the opposite side of the Temple of Our Saviour two other red lines branch out, one toward the east, the other toward the south-east. Each line has the number 52 at its extremity

on the map margin. We are to look now over the part of Moscow between these lines.

52. Moscow, "The Pride of the Czars," Looking South-east from the Temple of Our Saviour.

Did you think Moscow seemed a large city, looking over it towards the north? But it extends quite as far, you see, in other directions. There are nearly a thousand streets in Moscow; and as for the churches, some say there are over four hundred, some say six hundred. We are ready to believe any figures offered to us, in the face of this forest of towers and domes. If we try to count those in plain sight, we shall probably get lost in a very few minutes.

What a beautiful river the Moskwa is, with those clear reflections of the buildings opposite. It is about as large and as crooked as the Seine at Paris. And does it not give one a bewildering sense of the remoteness of people from each other, to think that in these streets and shops and houses, as far as the eye can reach, there are thousands on thousands of people busy about their own affairs, to whom our whole western world is only a vague name. "In what district of Russia is America?" asks an old soldier. "Is America near Berlin?" politely inquires our droschky driver. It is good for our personal and national vanity to learn once in a while how contentedly people can live without knowing the things we know, or caring for the things we care for. At the same time we must probably admit that to the average American or Englishman Russia is only a vague name.

In the distance we are looking towards the vast, open country comprising southern eastern Russia;—towards Central Asia;—towards China.

On the map two red lines are found extending from the Temple of Our Saviour towards the north-east. The lower line extends to the margin, and has the number 53 at the end; the upper line extends only as far as the Kremlin, showing that the sweep of vision is obstructed in that direction by the Kremlin. We can now see with our own eyes whether that is so.

53. The Moskwa River and the Shimmering Spires of Holy Moscow.

Ah, there it is, the Kremlin, the storied centre of the city, the heart of it, that Napoleon meant to make his own! It is a triangular-shaped enclosure, within a high, rosy-white wall. There is a bit of the wall straight ahead, at our left, coming towards the river as far as that stone tower with the conical roof; then turning and running down beside the river to another tower at the bend in the river. There the wall makes another corner, and runs off once more to the left (north-west) out of sight. It is no kind of fortress now; that wall would amount to nothing in modern warfare, though it did withstand some fierce attacks by the Poles and Lithuanians in the middle ages. But Moscow is wise to retain the old wall and keep the ancient citadel looking as nearly as possible like its old self in the days before electricity and railroads.

The most picturesque and fascinating spots in all Moscow are within or near those Kremlin walls. We can see several of the most famous landmarks from here. It will help us to get a better idea of the location of these landmarks if we study the special map of the Kremlin also. The tallest of the

towers is the bell-tower of Ivan (Ivan Véliky),* and the dome-crowned building at this side of the Tower is the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael (Cath. Arkh.). We shall go nearer and get closer views of both by-and-by. The great, three-storied building next to the Archangel Cathedral is the Imperial Palace (Gr. Palais), a fine building in its way, but not old enough to accumulate much history, for it was built only about 1850. The former palace, full to the roof of reminiscences, was burned during the occupation of the city by the French troops in 1812.

Turning to our general map of Moscow again, we find two more red lines branching out from the Temple towards the north-east. Both of these lines extend to the margin and have the number 54 at their extremities. In looking out between these two lines we shall be able to look over the heart of the Kremlin.

54. "'Tis the Kremlin Wall; 'tis Moscow, the Jewel of the Czars."

Here we get an admirable view of the main part of the Kremlin, all that we were unable to see in our former position.

Let us see how many points we can identify, aided again by the Kremlin map.

The shadows, stretching away from under us, as we stand on the Temple roof. They are, of course, those of the Temple itself. We recognize the shadow of the bulb-shaped dome of one of its four smaller towers (see Stereograph 49). The busy street that leads away in a graceful curve just in front of us

* There are so many variations in the spelling of Russian names that we shall use English equivalents in the text and add the names given on our maps in parentheses.

is the one bordering the beautiful Moskwa and following its winding course. Some of the wagons are making a sharp turn off the street toward the right. They are about crossing the bridge we just admired (Stereograph 53). Following the main street around its course past that park, full of green trees, we come to the corner of the Kremlin wall, marked by its round tower with a conical top, the same tower which we have already seen.

Now let your eye run along to the left (north-west) from this tower, and trace the battlemented line of the wall rising between two masses of trees till you come to another tower, a darker, square tower, with small, fortress-like windows and a steeple-shaped roof. This marks an opening in the wall known as the Borovitski Gate (Porte Borovitkiia). Still farther to the left (north-east), beyond that fine park, is yet another of the old gates, the Troitsky, or Trinity Gate (Porte Troitskiia). It was here that the greater part of the French army entered the city in 1812. Napoleon, after viewing the city, as we did, from the Sparrow Hills (Stereograph 47), advanced and halted just outside the town, expecting the keys of the city to be submissively brought out to him. But no one appeared. Then the army came on and, pouring through the Trinity and Borovitsky Gates there before us, found, to their amazement, that the Russians had not stayed to surrender, but had simply abandoned the great city, leaving the gates open, as who should say: *Enter if you think it best!* It was an ominous reception, but the French soldiery still had their minds full of visions of plunder, and thought not very far ahead.

Beyond the Troitsky Gate the Kremlin Wall extends still

farther north-east, enclosing the Arsenal (that long pile of light-colored buildings is the Arsenal), and then running into another round tower with a conical roof, very like this first one on the corner near us. At the farther round tower, the wall makes a sharp angle and runs south-east, but that, of course, we cannot see from here. We shall go around later to that farther side of the wall, for there are some particularly interesting things to see over there.

But now what can we make out within the walled enclosure? Coming back to the nearest round tower at the curve of this street and looking just beyond it, we see again the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, and the tall tower of Ivan beyond it to the left. That is, of course, the Palace, just this side of the Ivan Tower. The building to the left of the Palace is the Royal Treasury (Orotjeinaïo Palata).

When the French made their entry, Napoleon took up his residence, conqueror-fashion, in the great Palace. But no sooner were the troops fairly inside the city than fires, which the Russians had intentionally kindled, burst out in a dozen different places, and the invaders were forced to move from one part of the city to another, fighting these fires. (It is almost a miracle that the Archangel Cathedral and the Ivan Tower were spared by the flames. The Palace and the Treasury adjoining it were destroyed and afterwards rebuilt as we see them now.) It was after four days of this wretched attempt at occupying the city that Napoleon proposed to Field-Marshal Kutuzoff the making of a treaty of peace. Kutuzoff refused, saying that the Czar Alexander was but just getting ready to begin operations. No treaty would be signed as long as a Frenchman remained in the

land! The French lingered and delayed four weeks longer, and then began that frightfully disastrous retreat, one of the greatest military tragedies in modern history.

We remember seeing in St. Petersburg the Alexander Column, raised to commemorate the defeat of the invasion (Stereograph 12). And this is the very spot where Napoleon had believed he was going to seize Russia by the throat! Doesn't it make the historic story a thousand times more real, now that we see the very gates and buildings around which the tragedy centred?

Now let us go down from our lofty station on the church roof and cross the bridge which we saw a few minutes ago (Stereograph 53), to the south of the Moskwa, to get still another view of the little, walled heart of the old town. We will pass along the river towards the east until we come to a point just beyond the cathedrals and the tall bell-tower. The map of the Kremlin must be used now; that gives our position and shows we are to look somewhat north of west.

55. The Kremlin, Moscow. "There lie our ancient Czars, asleep."

This is good! Now we can see the wall much nearer and get a better idea of its impressive height, by comparing it with the men and horses in the street below. This is the southern side of the Kremlin. One, two, three towers are set in the wall just opposite where we stand, but only the left-hand one of the three seems to afford entrance. That is the Tainitski Gate (Porte Tainitskiia). The tall bell-tower (Ivan Véliky) looks taller than ever as we approach it closer. It is really three

hundred and twenty-five feet to the summit of that gilt cross above its dome. And have we three of those dome-capped cathedrals between the bell-tower and the palace? Even so. The churches in Moscow are as thick as buttercups in a field. From our station on the top of the Church of Our Saviour we could see clearly only the central one of these three churches,—that of the Archangel Michael (Cath. Arkh.).

At St. Petersburg (Stereograph 27) we saw the tombs of the emperors since Peter the Great. Here in the Cathedral of Michael are buried the older Czars, before Peter's day, forty-seven of them. Twice a year a religious service is held there, and prayers are made for the forgiveness of "that burden of sins voluntary or involuntary, known to themselves or unknown," which the dead princes committed while they were on earth.

But how magnificent they were while they walked the earth! Each heir-apparent when he in turn became Czar has held practically absolute sway over millions of subjects, the autocrat of their secular destiny and the visible Head of their Church. And you know it is in that Cathedral of the Assumption (Cath. Ousp.), standing between the Cathedral of Michael and the tall bell-tower, that each new Czar, since Ivan the Terrible in the sixteenth century, has been crowned and invested with his enormous authority. It was in that very cathedral that the Grand Duke Nicholas in 1894 became Czar Nicholas II, the arbiter of the fate of one hundred and thirty million people, and the master of one-seventh of all the land upon this globe. Such a coronation service is splendid and solemn at the same time. It is preceded, on the Emperor's part, by fasting and religious meditation. He publicly recites the creed of the Russian

Church, prays for the Empire, and then himself places the crown upon his own head to signify his taking on the vast responsibilities of imperial rule.

You notice that third church standing between the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael and the Palace? That is the Cathedral of the Annunciation (Cath. Blagor.). It is there that most of the Czars have been baptized and married. When the French occupied the Kremlin in 1812, they stabled some of their horses in this church to show their contempt for all things Russian. But, alas, for their short-lived pride! Many of those same elegant French officers were glad to eat horse-flesh to stay the pangs of deadly hunger, during their fearful march homeward through cold and carnage.

The most characteristically Russian of all buildings in the country are probably this group before which we are standing. From an architectural standpoint, they undoubtedly have a great many faults; they seem to own a sort of cousinship to the work of Byzantine builders, and yet they lack the dignified simplicity and well-harmonized proportions of the Byzantine work. They have a strong flavor of the Orient,—we can feel an Eastern influence in those many hued, gilded and silvered domes; and yet these buildings are not full-blooded offspring of Tartar taste, for every dome bears its cross, in token of the faith of the Nazarene. Every interior is planned for the worship of the Trinity. Greece and Tartary have evidently both contributed to the shaping of these strange architectural fantasies, but the result cannot be called anything but Russian. It would be interesting to see whether a good architect today could produce anything really sensible, strong and beautiful, using these puzzling bits of

native building for a text, and trying to solve his practical problems of modern need in terms of ancient form and color.

But the newer Russian architecture is, as a matter of fact, almost entirely abandoning the childlike tastes of earlier generations and adopting more or less commonplace European ideals instead. We saw that in St. Petersburg. It is as if the people of a certain district were to give up all at once the possibly uncouth but certainly striking costumes of their ancestors, and henceforward wear only ready-made clothing of the current year's cut. The Palace, that large building next west (to the left) from the Cathedral of the Annunciation, is an instance in point. Nicholas I built it in its present form after the old palace had been burned during the French occupancy. It is an enormous rambling structure (we see from here only a part of one end), containing some 700 rooms; but the exterior is not at all impressive or beautiful. New Russia, modern Russia, has not yet waked up to a realizing sense of what she might do with her national architecture.

Meanwhile, we are at liberty to enjoy these extraordinary creations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, more like clumps of outlandish flowers in bloom than like Christian churches, according to our own Western notions. We are to enter the Kremlin enclosure and study some of those buildings near at hand.

There are, as we have seen, various gates by which we might enter the Kremlin; but one of these has special significance and interest even more than the others. We will choose that for our place of entry.

This gate, the Spaski Gate (Porte Spasskiia), is in the east-

ern wall of the Kremlin, farther to our right than we can here see. Our Kremlin map shows that the south-east corner of the wall is not far beyond the limit of vision on our right. We will move on along the street in which we have been, on the right bank of the river, and cross a bridge, the Pont Moskvorestsky, to the east, bringing us out just east of the Kremlin. At this corner the wall turns at almost a right angle, as we see on the map again, and runs nearly straight north to the Spaski Gate. We will pause near the wall, about one-eighth of a mile from the gate, and look north towards it.

56. The Kremlin Wall and Tower of the Sacred Gate, Moscow.

Here we are right under the Kremlin Wall, as we pass up the street towards the gate with its tall clock-tower.

Moscow is a city of bewildering extremes. Just as the convent prison of Czar Peter's sister (Stereograph 48) was flanked by telegraph lines and street lamps, so extremes of wealth and poverty meet too. Immense fortunes are accumulated and spent here in Moscow, and yet there are vast numbers of the people who live in the most abject poverty. The same facts exist in our own American cities too, but here the picturesque setting of the facts emphasizes them in a stranger's eyes.

That building we see in the distance, at the extreme right, is a part of the Great Bazaar where people with plenty of money to spend go shopping. Here on the bank beside the Kremlin Wall is quite another sort of institution, a market for second-hand clothes and other cheap household stuffs. Probably you do not care to make any purchases here just at present, so we

will go on up the hill to where the gate leads from the Red Square, by the Bazaar, into the enclosure of the Kremlin.

57. Spaski Vorota, Sacred Gate of the Kremlin.

Now that we have reached this point opposite the gate, we find it looks like a large and gloomy church, its high square walls decorated in semi-Gothic fashion. People come and go through that cavernous passageway that opens just before us. In a few minutes we will go through ourselves; but they and we, and everyone that passes through, even the Czar himself, must go with uncovered head the length of the passageway until the open is reached on the farther side. They say that Napoleon, when he was here, scornfully declined to follow the old custom, but Heaven would not suffer his intended disrespect. A sudden gust of September wind took that famous cocked hat and sent it whirling down the street. He did pass through uncovered after all!

The reason for this religiously kept observance is the presence of the *ikon* or holy picture of the Redeemer hung there over the doorway. It is an old *ikon* which has for centuries been credited with specially conspicuous powers of miracle-working. As the story goes, some impious Tartars—away back in the old times when Russia was harassed by their invasions—tried to tear it down, but every ladder they used broke in the using, and they gave up the attempt. The Russian army carried it with them as a supernatural aid when they were at war with Poland in the early part of the seventeenth century, and with its help they succeeded in capturing Smolensk. When Napoleon was here the French soldiers tried to demolish it with cannon shot, but

at first their powder proved to be not in working condition, and then when they did touch off their gun with some effect, the effect was not what they intended; for the charge exploded their gun and left the *ikon* unharmed.

The death penalty is now all but abolished in Russia; but two and three hundred years ago, when indeed all Europe regarded public executions as salutary object-lessons, Russian monarchs were relentless in the severity of the punishments meted out to offenders. Many have been the ghastly scenes that took place in the Red Square (Place Krasnaïa), extending off to the right from where we stand. Ivan the Terrible, in the sixteenth century, had hundreds of rebellious subjects put to death here in the enforced presence of crowds of terrified spectators. Even so late as the time of Peter the Great, horrible spectacles took place here. Insurrections had broken out in certain divisions of the army, and Peter believed these were encouraged by his sister Sophia. The princess he promptly shut up in the Novo Devitchi convent (Stereograph 48), but the rebels themselves were beheaded without mercy near this gate, their heads being fastened along the top of the Kremlin wall as a warning to soldiers and citizens. Very likely, many of the condemned said their last prayers here before the picture at this gate.

Historical reminiscences make this really not a cheerful place in which to linger, even though the bright mid-day sunshine does flood the square, and the shifting throng of teamsters, droschky drivers, errand boys and all sorts of peaceful citizens seems to indicate that life goes on cheerfully enough just now.

Let us go in through the gate to see the sights of the Kremlin itself, not forgetting the rule about bared heads. If we should forget, any one of these Russians will hasten to admonish us. The rule simply must be obeyed, or the heavens may fall. Very well. If that bit of ceremony is the fee required for entrance into the charmed precinct we will pay it readily, for there is nothing which so makes us want to enter any given place as the putting of a high wall around it. The only hint we get here of what there is on the other side is the gleaming dome of one of the Kremlin buildings surmounted by its glittering cross. The map shows that we shall stand next inside the Kremlin Wall and look back (north) to this gate and the church beyond it.

58. Voznesenski Devitchi (Ascension Convent), Ancient Burial-Place of Czarinas and Princesses.

Now we have passed through the gate (that is the door yonder, through which we came) and are in the Czar's Square, within the enclosure of the Kremlin. It was the dome of this old convent (Convent Vozness.) that we saw from the Red Square outside the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 57).

From this nearer point we can see more plainly the details of the dome, and notice the gilded chains that extend from the trefoil-shaped ends of the arms of the cross down to the top of the dome. That decorative use of chains is characteristically Russian. We shall see it again on other ecclesiastical buildings. Do you notice that oddly elaborated cross on the dome over behind (and away to the left of) this entrance portion of the convent? See, it has three cross-pieces, growing gradually narrower toward the top, and it is fixed in the concave side of a

gilded crescent. This sort of combination of cross and crescent is characteristically Russian too. It has often been explained as a reminiscence of the old occupancy of Russia by the Tartars; the crescent was a favorite emblem of that Asiatic people, and travellers in Russia are often given to understand that the planting of a cross on a crescent is a Russian symbol of the victory of their own Christian religion over the Mohammedan faith of their eastern invaders; but, more likely, the crescent was originally used here as a symbol of the Virgin, and the planting of the cross on the crescent was meant as a reminder of the miracle of the Nativity.

When they tell us that this Ascension Convent was founded by a pious Czarina in the fourteenth century, we guess at once that this elegantly elaborate building fronting on the square must be a rebuilt structure. The original buildings were partly burned in one of the dreadful fires that have swept over the Kremlin, and this portion, among others, was put up less than a hundred years ago. That accounts for its queerly mixed style, a compound of Byzantine and perpendicular Gothic. The convent is really a very large establishment, including two churches and large court-yards, besides the buildings where the nuns live. That gate-way next the end of this white-walled building —the one with the beautiful, lace-like *grille* over the door— leads into the convent court-yard. There are nuns in this convent today keeping up practically the same life of religious devotion which the Princess Eudoxia led five hundred years ago, when she retired from the cares and complications of a royal career to say her prayers and take care of the sick poor. Ever since Eudoxia's day the convent has been to Russian women a

haven of refuge from the turbulent outside world, and many princesses who never resorted to it during their lives were given the hospitality of tombs after their death. It was not until after Peter the Great had transferred his own affections to St. Petersburg and established the precedent of using the fortress cathedral there as a place of burial (Stereograph 27) that the use of this convent chapel for the resting-place of the Czarinas came to an end.

All this time we have been standing with our backs toward some of the most interesting features of the Kremlin. Let us turn directly about. The map of the Kremlin shows what our position will then be.

59. Tower of Ivan the Great and Cathedral of the Archangel Michael.

Here we are in the midst of that wonderful group of buildings that we were studying a little while ago from a point over on the right bank of the Moskwa River (Stereograph 55). The wall and the river below it are now away at our left. This is the same bell-tower (Ivan Véliky) which we saw from the roof of the Temple of Our Saviour (Stereographs 53-54), but now we are near enough to see the bells in several of the successive stories. Bells? This end of the Czar's Square is full of them. The tower and the tall building adjoining it make a nest of bells, thirty-four in all; and there, straight ahead of us, on the ground at the foot of the tower is *the* bell of all, the one that used to be pictured in our school-books, the Great Bell of Moscow!

The tower is one of the most beautiful buildings we have yet seen in Russia,—dignified and simple, beautifully proportioned. How much more pleasant it is to the eye on account of the differences between the different stories, though they harmonize well and make one strong, consistent whole! The lower story is the most solid, with those narrow loop-holes of windows that help give it its serious, substantial look, as if it might last forever. Then the arcaded portion above gives airiness, and makes beautiful contrasts of light and shade where the windows alternate with solid wall space. And just see how each successive story, marked off by horizontal bands of sculptured moulding, leads our eye gradually higher and higher and higher, making us feel the whole height more than we should if the upward trend were all in a few unbroken vertical lines. Besides, the horizontal mouldings make something more for the sunlight to play with, laying soft bands of shadow around the eight-sided shaft and making lovely varieties of light and dark to please our eye. It is not often we have a chance to actually admire the form of the older Russian buildings. Generally we enjoy their queerness and quaintness and story-book suggestiveness, but cannot honestly regard them as things of beauty. All the more we are grateful for the Ivan Tower. Somebody had a fine eye for beauty in construction. The names of the Czar Boris and the Czarevitch (crown prince) Theodore are inscribed as the builders on one of those encircling bands away up at the top of the tower just under the dome; but it is the name of the fifteenth-century architect, Ivan (John), that has clung to it.

Here is a bit of variety in Moscow domes. The four smaller domes on the roof of the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael

(Cath. Arkh.) are not bulb-shaped at all, but hemispherical, as they might be anywhere else outside Russia. Their gilded surfaces make a dazzling contrast with the white-washed walls of the church. Curiously enough, the oldest buildings in Moscow do not show the signs of age that we are accustomed to see in other parts of Europe. There are no "ivy-mantled towers" here, and as soon as a wall or a dome changes color from time and weather, the Russians, who love bright, new, gay things, hasten to re-paint, re-whiten, re-silver and re-gild. Though Holy Moscow has been the scene of battles and sieges innumerable, every time the ravages have been repaired and the old structures made as fine as ever in all their bravery of gilding and color.

It would be interesting to go inside the Cathedral of the Archangel, and see the tombs of the old Czars. Each one was Lord of the Earth while he lived. Ivan the Terrible, the monarch who ordered many of the dreadful executions outside the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 57), was, if traditions are true, a prince as ferocious as the giants in fairy stories. A man one day brought him a letter from a Russian prince who had deserted to the Poles. Ivan thrust a sharp-pointed staff through the wretched messenger's foot, pinning him to the ground, and held him there while he read the letter of his absconding vassal. Dreadful tales of all sorts are told of Czar Ivan IV, and yet the very fact that he was their Czar and that he drove out the hated Tartars from the land, makes the Russian people forgive his ferocity. There is an old song about his funeral:—

> "All the warrior people assembled to pray to God in the Cathedral; there was a new coffin made of cypress-wood; in the coffin lies the orthodox Czar, the orthodox Czar Ivan Vasilievitch the Terrible. At his head lies the life-giving cross; by the cross lies the imperial

crown; at his feet lies the terrible sword; around the coffin burn the holy lights; in front of the coffin stand all the priests and patriarchs—they read, they pray, they repeat the valediction to the dead, to our orthodox Czar, our Czar Ivan Vasilievitch the Terrible."

It would be interesting to visit the Chudof (miracle) Monastery (Conv. Tchoudov), whose columned *façade* is here at our right. When the French occupied the city, Marshal Davoust, it is said, used the High Altar of this Monastery Church for his bed-room. It was a brief season that Napoleon's men had here, but they held all sorts of unholy revelry while it lasted.

Since we have come so near to that old friend of our childhood, the Great Bell, suppose we cross the Square and go quite close to it. A good place to examine it will be at the farther side of the bell at the left of the tower, for on that side are the broken place and the fragment that dropped out long, long ago. We are now looking south; we shall then be looking north.

60. The King of Bells, Weighing 200 Tons, the Great Bell of Moscow.

And this is the Great Bell of which we have so often heard. We know all about it as it stands here now on its pedestal in the sqŭare. It is 26 feet in height, almost 68 in circumference, and it weighs 200 tons. It is the largest bell in all the world, and it bears portrait representations of the Czar Alexis and the Empress Anne. The intention was, it is said, to hang it in the Great Cathedral, but it fell while being hoisted, and the piece we see here was broken out. Tradition says it was cast early in the seventeenth century, in the reign of the Czar Boris, who built the beautiful tower (the same Boris who established

serfdom), and afterwards successively recast by Alexis and Anne; but nobody seems to be quite sure where or how. For at least a hundred years it had lain here broken and half buried in the earth, until Nicholas I in 1836 had it dug up and placed on the pedestal where it is now. It is a monument to somebody's ambition; the greatest bell on earth; we can only guess at the enormous volume of its sound when it was rung. If only it could tell its own story! But it rests here, a pathetically dumb and disabled giant, nonchalantly climbed upon through the day by these street boys and impertinently eyed at night by these upstart modern gas lamps that stand staring about the Square. How are the mighty fallen!

Just a moment before we turn to the tower at our left. See those further variations of the cross that are displayed on the domes of the Chudof Monastery on the farther side of the Square at the left. The simple Greek cross (with four equal arms) is a favorite form in Russia, but ecclesiastical decorations include a great number of variations of both the Greek and the familiar Latin form. Here is another instance close at hand in the top of the Great Bell,—a Greek cross with rays partially filling in the space between the arms.

Now that we are at the very foot of the tower, wouldn't it be interesting to climb to the top as Napoleon did, and look out over Holy Moscow? It will be worth our while. Let us make our way, then, up three hundred and forty-two steps among the bells, and look toward the north-east. Only the general map of Moscow locates our new field of view. Two red lines will be found branching out from the Kremlin with the number 61 at the end of each on the map margin.

61. Holy Moscow, from the Tower of Ivan the Great.

How tiny the people look, down in the Square where we were only a few minutes ago! The droschky horses look like the rats and mice that drew Cinderella's pumpkin-shell coach. Yes, we recognize the nearest landmarks off at the east. The building just at our feet, with the columns guarding its curved front, is the Chudof Monastery, the columned *façade* of which we caught a glimpse away to our right (Stereograph 59), and again we saw this face of the Monastery to our right when looking at the Great Bell (Stereograph 60). We remember well that white building next beyond the Monastery, with the great dome and the curious, steeple-shaped ornaments on the roof, like stacks of corn in a field; that is the Ascension Convent, the first building we studied after we came inside the Kremlin (Stereograph 58); in fact, the one whose dome peeped over the wall at us while we were standing outside the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 57).

There is the Sacred Gate itself, or at least its tower-shaped top with the clock-face. And there is the Kremlin Wall running off to the right from the Sacred Gate. It was over at the other side of that wall that we lingered by the market booths (Stereograph 56). And what of that fantastic building just opposite at the right (south) of the Sacred Gate and beyond the wall? That is St. Basil's Church (Egl. Vas. Blaj. on the map). They told us that Moscow is continually re-painting her gay and gilded roofs, and here we find her in the process. St. Basil's Church is almost covered just now with scaffolding, for the freshening of all those queer onion and pineapple-shaped domes with which it blossoms. It is the strangest conglomeration of

shapes that ever an architect conceived,—with its eleven domes, each one seemingly more fanciful in shape than all the rest, and all painted in gay colors, gilded and silvered or sprinkled with glittering stars.

When Napoleon looked down at it, as we are looking now, he took it for some old Tartar structure and issued orders for "that mosque" to be destroyed; but in some way or other the instructions were neglected, so St. Basil's shrine is standing to this day; indeed, it is being mended and furbished up, as we see, in readiness for still longer life. The St. Basil whom it commemorates is not the famous old church father, but a local saint of Ivan's day.

We get a good idea here of the eastern extent of the whole city as it stretches off beyond the Kremlin. We have already looked north over the city from the Temple of Our Saviour (Stereograph 51), south from the same point (Stereograph 52), and last over a part of the same district which we see now (Stereograph 53). These outlooks, put together, give us a pretty good idea of the size of the city. The distance across the whole city is from six to nine miles, according to the direction taken, and it includes about a thousand streets, housing a population equal to that of Brooklyn.

We ought to get one closer view of the Cathedral of the Assumption, and to do this we must go down once more the stairs of the Ivan Tower, and pass around to the other (west) side. You remember how, when we looked at these buildings from over across the river (Stereograph 55), the Assumption Cathedral seemed to stand in behind and between the Tower and the Cathedral of Michael. The Kremlin map shows that we are to look at it from the south.

62. Cathedral of the Assumption.

It is a wonderful object-lesson in tolerance to visit these old churches and try to realize their point of view. To the orthodox Russian, his church is the one true descendant from the little Galilean band who learned their lore of Christ; all the rest of the world are wanderers and wayfarers, strayed far from the true fold.

How different this Russian *façade* is from the sculptured cathedrals of Western Europe! Everything of a decorative sort is flat, or nearly flat, the holy figures of saints and martyrs, patriarchs and prophets being partly painted and partly represented in metal. The colored figures of the saints around and above the doorway shine out with double conspicuousness in contrast with the severely plain, whitewashed walls in which they are set. These pictures and the beautifully gilded domes together certainly make this church singularly impressive, in spite of the expanses of commonplace whitewash.

We can see plainly here another instance of the use of gilded chains hanging from the arms of the crosses high in air and coming down to the domes below. And do not those narrow loop-holes of windows suggest that there must be inside a particularly dim religious light?

The building beyond the high fence on our extreme right is the Chudof Monastery of which we have caught glimpses several times already.

Between the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael and the Great Palace, we saw, when we were over at the other side of the river (Stereograph 55), the Cathedral of the Annunciation with a staircase in front (Cath. Blagov. on the map).

63. Cathedral of the Annunciation.

We find ourselves now at the foot of the staircase where we can look up at the fanciful little church with its nine domes symbolic of the nine celestial hierarchies, and its towers and scalloped gables. This is the church where almost all the Czars have been married with great state and ceremony. There was an old church here as far back as the thirteenth century, but this particular building is largely the work of Ivan the Terrible. It does not look as if it were even so old as Ivan's day, but that is because of the Russian fondness for renovating old buildings, painting and gilding their age out of sight.

One of the famous *ikons* belonging to this church is a picture of the Virgin which has worked miracles similar to those of the *ikon* of the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 57). Czar Dimitri carried it with him in 1380 when he went to fight the Tartars on the banks of the Don, and its presence helped him gain a famous victory at the battle of Kulikovo. The wife of Dimitri was the Princess Eudoxia, she who founded the Voznesenski Convent (Stereograph 58) over beside the Sacred Gate. There is an old Russian song which tells of a prophetic vision appearing to Dimitri while he was attending service here:—

> "In the holy Cathedral of the Annunciation S. Cyprian the metropolitan was singing the mass, and Prince Dimitri was assisting with his princess, Eudoxia, with his princes and boyars, with his famous captains.
>
> "Suddenly Prince Dimitri ceased to pray; he leaned against a pillar; he was suddenly rapt in spirit; his spiritual eyes were opened; he had a strange vision.
>
> "He no longer saw the candles burning before the *ikons;* he no longer heard the music of the sacred choirs; it was the wild country, the battlefield of Kulikovo which he saw. It was sown with the corpses of Christians and Tartars—the bodies of the Christians like melting wax, the bodies of the Tartars like black pitch.

"On this field of Kulikovo the holy Mother of God was walking. Behind her were the angels of the Saviour, the angels and the holy archangels with burning tapers; they sang holy songs over the relics of the orthodox warriors. . . .

"And the Mother of God asked: 'Where is the Prince Dimitri?' And the Apostle Peter answered her: 'The Prince Dimitri is in the town of Moscow. . . . He is hearing the liturgy with his Princess Eudoxia, with his princes and boyars, with his famous captains.'

"Then the Mother of God said: 'The Prince Dimitri is not in his place; he should be leading the choirs of the martyrs; but as for his Princess, her place is in my flock.'

"Then the vision vanished. The candles were burning in the church, the precious stones sparkled upon the altars. Dimitri came to himself, wept abundantly, and spoke thus:

"'Know that the hour of my death is at hand; soon I shall be laid in the coffin and my Princess will take the veil.'"

And now in the Cathedral of the Archangel, only a few rods away, Dimitri's body lies buried, while a little farther away in the Ascension Convent by the gate, are the relics of Eudoxia, the good Czarina who became a saint after her death.

After all, the Kremlin, while it includes palaces and churches, convents and monasteries, was originally the acropolis or citadel of Moscow. Its walls were constructed for military defence: and in the days when fighting was done by archers instead of musketeers and artillery, they served fairly well at one time and another against the fierce inroads of Tartars and Poles.

At the north end of the Kremlin stands the Arsenal; we saw one side of it, a low, light-colored structure, north of the Borovitski and Troitski Gates, when we first surveyed the citadel from the roof of the Temple of Our Saviour (Stereograph 54). Find on the Kremlin map the Arsenal, in the northern part of the Kremlin enclosure, and note that we are to stand next near its south-eastern corner and look north along its eastern wall.

64. The Great Czar Cannon, Kremlin Arsenal, Moscow.

In the open square before the Arsenal there are ranged nearly nine hundred cannon captured at different times from enemies on Russian soil; and, as if to still remind them that Russia is their master, this enormous gun stands guard at the corner of the building. It was cast in 1586, during the reign of Feodore I, and weighs nearly forty tons. Energetic Peter the Great, in the course of his national house-cleaning, melted up and recast most of the cannon made before his own day, but he took a fancy to spare this one giant for the wondering admiration of future citizens and of strangers like ourselves. It is a magnificent piece of metal work for its time, the era of Henry of Navarre and William the Silent and Sir Francis Drake, —but how grotesquely clumsy and incapable in comparison with the guns Russia so well knows how to handle today!

The building on our right is the Senate or Tribunal where the Courts of Law are established. The tower that we see beyond the old cannon is that of the Nicholas Gate (Porte Nicholas) at the north-east corner of the Kremlin. We have seen now all five of the Kremlin gates; the Troitski and Borovitski (Stereograph 54), the Tainitski (Stereograph 55), the Spaski (Stereograph 57), and now the Nicholas. At this Nicholas Gate there is a sacred picture almost as remarkable as the one at the Spaski Gate, though people are not absolutely obliged to pass through bare-headed in its honor. The French troops had orders to destroy it, but their cannon (so the tale is told) became "possessed" and missed fire, succeeding after a while in splitting the tower, but leaving the picture and the votive lamp before it quite unharmed.

The veneration of Russians for this Kremlin, the ancient heart of their ancient city, is something deep-rooted. From century to century traditions have been handed down to show how the Powers of Heaven watch over Holy Moscow. This is a characteristic bit of Russian rhapsody over it:—

> "Bow thy head, faithful child of Russia; the immortal Kremlin rises before thee. It has grown great amid tempests, and, master of its destiny, its brow laden with centuries, it stands powerful and steadfast, dominant above Moscow like the genius of glory. Here the proudest spirit becomes humble, thought remains still; but the heart of a true Russian is flooded with joy."

But the city is not all for court pageantry, religion and war. It seems much of the time while we are going about these curious old streets, that the people who live here must lead story-book lives like the characters in historical romances and in grand opera,—"Every sail on the horizon is enchanted except that of the ship in which we sail." Yet, as a matter of fact, the simple commonplaces of daily living are the rule. People prosaically earn wages and salaries here, just as they do in our own American towns, and spend their wages as freely for all sorts of temporary needs and fancies.

The popular shopping district of Moscow is in the Kitai Gorod, another walled section of the city north-east of the Kremlin (Govodskaia on the general map). It is sometimes called the "Chinese Town," but there is nothing Chinese about it. The derivation of the name Kitai Gorod is not quite certain, but is probably a corrupted repetition of the name of a town in southwest Russia, where Helena, the mother of Ivan the Terrible, was born. For three hundred years this commercial annex to the Kremlin has been the resort of citizens with money to spend.

We shall now take our stand once more on the east side of the Kremlin Wall, near the Spaski Gate. This time, as the Kremlin map shows, we shall look just west of north.

65. The Great Bazaar in the Kitai Gorod, Moscow.

Here again, as on the Nevsky Prospect in St. Petersburg (Stereograph 8), we find a vast number of retail shops brought together in one long building and called the Great Bazaar. In fact, the idea was no doubt carried from Moscow to St. Petersburg when Peter the Great issued orders that certain Moscow merchants should straightway move to his new capital, and henceforward carry on their business there. Hundreds of retail shops for every sort of goods are to be found here, and bargain-hunting becomes a lively game when played with Russian shop-keepers. Many of them expect to have their first price refused, and adjust their schedules accordingly to make allowance for your objections, expostulations, arguments and cajolery. The shops where metal work is sold are naturally among the most popular with tourists. And you need not be surprised to find each shop-keeper doing his reckoning upon the abacus, a frame of wires on which beads are strung for counting.

The square spread out before us is, you remember, the Red Square, the scene of much bloodshed. We still have a reminder of the Kremlin. Notice that shadow on the street, beyond this iron fence near us. That shadow is cast by the Sacred Gate, now a few steps to our left. The twin spires in the distance on the left belong to the Resurrection Gate, one of the entrances to the Kitai Gorod. The still darker building, only part of which we see at the extreme left, is the historical museum. We shall look

at those buildings from a much nearer point soon, but on the way we will stop and look at the central entrance of this great bazaar on our right.

66. Central Entrance to the Great Bazaar, Kitai Gorod, Moscow.

Would you believe it possible that this elegant modern building, its entrance flanked by electric lights, is within a few minutes' walk of the Kremlin cathedrals and the Sacred Gate,—bits of the Middle Ages, still with us? Even so; for there are plenty of people in Moscow who know little of its history, but care a great deal about fashionably correct clothes and furniture, and these prosperous folk keep large amounts of money in circulation.

There is, however, one characteristic Russian detail which makes this great Bazaar different from the great shops of Paris, or Vienna, or Berlin, or London, or New York. It is the *ikon* conspicuously placed over the front door,—a head of Christ, is it not? Every orthodox home and shop in Russia has at least one *ikon,* often more than one, to preside over affairs and dispense blessings.

They say that Moscow is gradually becoming a centre of mercantile wealth, so many manufacturers and shop-keepers have amassed large fortunes in various lines of trade. It was in recognition of the public spirit and patriotic devotion of a Russian cattle-dealer in the seventeenth century that the monument we see in the middle of that Square before us was erected in 1818, by "grateful Russia" as the inscription says. The monument represents citizen Minin of Nijni Novgorod urging Prince

Pojarski to free Moscow from the Poles (1612), and offering his private fortune to support the movement.

As we stand here, of course, the Kremlin is behind us, and off to our left is the historical museum and the gate we saw a few minutes ago (Stereograph 65). If we make our way between these passing droschkys and stand beside the statue of Minin and Prince Pojarski, and look to our left, we shall get a good view of those other interesting features of the Kitai Gorod.

67. The Historical Museum and Resurrection Gate of the Kitai Gorod.

The Historical Museum of Moscow, housed in that cathedral-like building before us, contains beautifully arranged representations and relics of various pre-historic ages and of the more ancient historic eras.

The other two-towered building at the right of the statue is, we can see now, really a gate. It is one of six, giving entrance to this district, the Kitai Gorod, through the old walls. This particular passageway is known as the Voskresenski or Resurrection Gate. The church near it to the right is Kazan Cathedral (Cath. de Kazan). Just this side of that gate and the Cathedral is a little chapel, with a bell in its white tower, which is the home of one of the most famous *ikons* in all Russia,—a representation of the Virgin, called the "Iberian Mother of God" (Porte Iberian Chap.). When a Russian Czar comes to Moscow he visits the chapel to pray before this holy picture, before going on to the Kremlin, and every day hundreds of humbler worshippers visit the shrine with their petitions or thanksgivings. A unique custom connected with this "Iberian Mother" is that

of sending the *ikon* out to visit worshippers who cannot go to the church to solicit the special blessings desired. The picture, when being sent to visit a sick-bed, a bridal or a house-warming, is taken in a carriage of state, and all along its route people respectfully bare their heads as it passes by.

The more or less elegant people who go shopping in the Great Bazaar (Stereograph 65) are, we know, not all that dwell in Moscow. There are plenty of people in this big city who have to count their kopecks carefully, and they cannot afford to patronize the shops in the Great Bazaar, where high rents give the shop-keepers an excuse for large prices. So it happens that there are, even in this same district, many small shops and out-of-door booths where goods are cheaper. We will visit one of these markets, located, as we see on our Kremlin map, about one-third of a mile north-east of the Kremlin.

68. The Market in the Kitai Gorod, Moscow.

Felt hats, rugs, blankets, pots and dishes, all sorts of common wares are here. No doubt if we should walk a few rods down this street, we should find a seller of tall boots, such as the lower-class men and boys almost invariably wear. See, the men around us here all wear boots, tall and wrinkle-legged, made for service if not for beauty.

Is this a knife and scissors-grinder right here beside us? His long apron, with its "bib" fastened about his neck, is a sort of garment worn by workmen in many different trades. If it were winter instead of summer most of these men would be wearing sheepskin coats, made with the hair inside and the skin outside for the sake of extra warmth.

Ordinary working folk, like our friends here, make their rough clothes do long, hard service and so often have the effect of being less neat about their persons than they really are. Here in Russia the peculiar vapor baths, which we have imitated under the name of "Russian baths," are a cheap luxury and well patronized by comparatively poor people.

But the diet of these people is a good deal restricted, both by the expense of the best food-stuffs and by the rigid requirements of the Russian Church in regard to the observance of her innumerable fast-days, when even milk, cheese and eggs are a forbidden indulgence. Their main dependence is on fish, cucumbers, cabbage and rye-bread, and they drink a good deal of weak tea and strong whiskey (vodka).

In old times, before the days of Peter the Great, it would have been an almost unheard-of thing to find grown men here in Moscow, or, in fact, anywhere in the empire, with smooth-shaven faces. The traditions of early days in Russia were more Asiatic than European, and the men took great pride in long and bushy beards. But when Peter came home from his travels in Holland and England, he brought western styles with him. In 1705 he issued a decree that all civil officers should shave their beards, and the military governors of the principal towns were commanded to sacrifice even their moustaches. For a good many years those who clung to this sort of personal decoration had to apply and pay for a special license from the government; but at the present time, when there are no enforced laws on the subject, shaven faces are common everywhere.

There is one house in this district of the Kitai Gorod that is of special interest to travellers in Russia,—the birthplace of the

first Romanoff ruler of Russia, Czar Michael, from whom all the Czars since his death in 1645 are descended. It is situated about one-quarter of a mile east of the Spaski Gate in the Kremlin Wall (Mais. de Romanov, on the Kremlin map).

69. Romanoff House, Moscow, Birthplace of Michael, First Czar of the Reigning Dynasty.

Are you surprised by the modern look of this old mansion? After it was sacked by the French, in 1812, it had to be restored and, indeed, practically rebuilt so far as interior details are concerned. As it now stands, it is practically a restoration of a typical nobleman's house of the early part of the seventeenth century,—wine cellars in the basement, kitchens next above, study and reception rooms on the next floor, and bed-chambers at the top of the house.

They were stormy times here in Moscow in the early days of the seventeenth century. Ivan the Terrible and his son, Theodore I, had died. The reigns of Boris, the brother-in-law of Theodore (builder of the bell-tower), and Theodore II, son of Boris, had seen ghastly quarrels for the throne, quarrels made intensely dramatic by the appearance of two successive claimants, each professing to be a certain son of Ivan the Terrible, who really had been murdered in childhood. Then the Poles descended on suffering Moscow, and the Polish prince Ladislas ruled here until the Russians could bear him no longer, and he was driven out.

We have seen (Stereograph 66) a statue raised to commemorate the united devotion of arms (Prince Pojarski) and

capital (Citizen Minin) that succeeded in driving out the Polish governor. It was after all this had happened, when the succession of the old dynasty was hopelessly lost, that a new dynasty was deliberately founded. Special fasting and prayer were recommended for the entire population, even the children, that the national choice might have the favor of heaven; and an assembled convention formally elected young Prince Michael Romanoff, the heir of a distinguished family, son of a boyar who had become a metropolitan in the Russian Church.

There is an old story that the Poles sent a deputation to murder Michael when he was at Kòstroma, and that a Russian peasant, by the name of Ivan Sousanin, professing to act as their guide, purposely misled them into the deep forest where he gladly accepted death at their exasperated hands rather than betray his prince. A favorite Russian opera by the celebrated Russian Composer Glinka, often given at the large theatres in Moscow and St. Petersburg, "A Life for the Czar," is based on this old story. Whether its details are true or not, Michael himself, the boy whose childhood had been spent in this house before us, lived to rule and rule well, and Nicholas II, who rules today, is one of the same line.

Swinging now around to the west of the Kremlin, we shall see the beautiful Rumiantsof Museum (Musée Rumiantsov on the Kremlin map) and catch sight again of a familiar landmark.

70. Rumiantsof Museum, Moscow.

Another fine Moscow dwelling-house that has been remodeled and made into a public building is this former palace of the

Pashkof princes, standing here west of the Kremlin, on the side opposite the district of the Kitai Gorod. It is a massive, dignified structure, though, so far as architectural style is concerned, its Renaissance *façade* might be anywhere else in Europe as well as in Moscow. They use it now for a public library, archæological museum and picture gallery, and its contents are distinctively Russian enough, even if the exterior does have a non-committally cosmopolitan air.

And Moscow as a whole is always Russian; for we cannot look far in any direction without seeing the bulbous domes of churches. That church just ahead of us now is the same Temple of Our Saviour which we saw when we first entered Moscow (Stereograph 49). When we looked from the roof of the Temple (Stereograph 51), we saw this Library and Museum off towards the north-north-east. Now we are looking nearly south-south-west, towards our earlier point of view.

There are a great many attractive places in the suburbs of Moscow; for the city has a large class of wealthy citizens who have both money and time at their disposal, and frequent visits of the royal family keep the old capital still distinctly in fashion.

Let us ride out on the Tverskaia road to the Petrofski Palace. This Palace can be found on the general map of Moscow, some three or four miles to the north-west of the Kremlin. We can go by the democratic street-cars, or, if we wish to do the thing more prettily, with a touch of Russian elegance, we can take a troika.

17. Petrofski Imperial Palace, Moscow.

That is the Palace, but we cannot enter because the public

is not admitted. The building was begun in 1775 and finished in the time of Paul. To this place Napoleon retired when the conflagration drove him out of the Kremlin. One of the finest grand-stands in Europe is found here.

But here we have an excellent opportunity to notice what an imposing equipage a troika is. These three handsome grey horses are guided, you see, by four reins, two for the middle horse and one each for the outsiders. The oddity of the troika does not end with its use of that gaily painted douga or arch over the shoulders of the middle horse, nor with the gilded harness, decked with dangling tassels. Its most striking characteristic is the varied gait to which its three steeds are trained. The middle one trots and the other two gallop, a combination which is very effective on the fine promenades about the Palace and the park near-by. Indeed, the neighborhood of the Palace is a favorite place to show off good horses. There are races here at intervals all through the summer, and once in a while a great military review by the Czar, like that which we saw at Krasnoe Selò, outside St. Petersburg. There are fine horses in Russia. The Orloff breed is famous all around the world, and even the common nags, with no pedigree to speak off, fly like the wind when urged a little.

One of the best modern writers of the country, Gogol, pays a graceful compliment to this characteristic equipage of his native land:—

> "Troika,—troika-bird,—who invented thee? Thou couldst be born only among an audacious people; but art thou not, O Russia, the brave troika that none can pass? Where art thou going? Answer! The troika does not answer; it flies onward and clears all obstacles."

Before we leave Moscow we shall want to buy one or two

last souvenirs of the place. You already know the fine shops of the Great Bazaar (Stereograph 65), but they say the best place of all in which to pick up real treasures, curious pieces of mediæval silver and copper and hammered brass is in the Sunday-morning market, over by the Suharof Tower at the north-east of the Kremlin. This can be located on the general map of Moscow only, about a mile and a half north-east of the Kremlin. The number 147 indicates the location of the Suharof Tower.

72. The Great Sunday Market of Moscow.

That is the Suharof Tower straight ahead of us. So, you see, we are looking west. Peter the Great built it on the site of an old city gate, to commemorate the faithfulness of Colonel Suharof and the troops under him, who had remained loyal at a time when other regiments revolted. Peter was rather more given to punishing the bad than thanking the good. We have already seen (Stereograph 57) the walls where he stuck the heads of the rebels after putting down this same revolt, and it is agreeable to know he did a graceful thing in honor of those who stood by him. It was his fancy—always full of notions about the sea and sea-craft—to treat the tower like a tall mast and hang deck-like galleries around it from bottom to top. At present, it has indeed a connection with water affairs, but very different from any that Peter had in mind, for it has been made into a reservoir for the city supply.

Well, Peter is dead and Colonel Suharof is dead, and so are all the Streltsi, both loyal and rebel; but trade goes on forever. What a lively scene it is! We saw a few canvas-roofed booths like these in a market-place in the Kitai Gorod (Stereograph 68),

but not nearly so many nor so fine. Every sort of merchandise can be had here at one booth or another, the every-day necessities of steady-going Moscow citizens, cakes, candies and cheap toys for country folks and children, and here and there a real treasure for the art-lover, in the shape of a quaint, old bowl or beaker, an ancient *ikon* looking as if St. Luke himself might have painted it, or a bit of jewelry, fascinating in design and color. If once we go the rounds of all these booths and run the gauntlet of the loquacious vendors, we shall surely leave all our money behind us!

Moscow, of all European cities, is the richest in churches. It is a church, then, which shall be our last sight before we go on to other parts of Russia. One of the most typical is situated on the Novinsky Boulevard, about a mile to the west of the Kremlin.

73. Church of the Nativity, Moscow.

This is, indeed, a characteristic bit of Russia. We have this fantastically decorated place of worship, standing for the Russian religion, so impressive, with its ceremonial magnificence; we have these loaded wagons, standing for the great industrial interests that are so steadily growing greater, and promising better prosperity for the whole country; we have the ubiquitous policeman, standing for the organized government behind and under the multiform national life.

This Church of the Nativity shows us the same bulb-shaped domes that we have seen so many times here in Moscow, but their crosses are more elaborately foliated than usual, and how

oddly they are arranged! Three in a row across the end of the church farthest from the front entrance,—those must be over the part of the sanctuary where the altar stands. And see the tapering steeples on which they rest, steeples like long inverted funnels; are they not almost precisely like the steeples that budded all over the roof of the Voznesenski Convent beside the Sacred Gate (Stereograph 58)? Those, however, lacked the blossom of the domes. Those arches, too, about the roof and around the base of the steeples,—they remind us of similar details in the finish of the Cathedral of the Annunciation (Stereograph 63) and the Temple of Our Saviour (Stereograph 49). The Russians seem to like that ogee arch, with a sharply pinched gable at the highest part of the curve.

"Mother Moscow," "Holy Moscow," is full of churches. Our first sight of the old capital from the Sparrow Hills (Stereograph 47) showed us the old Convent and the Temple of Our Saviour. Our last sight shall fittingly be this shrine of the Eastern Church. Its ways of worship are strange indeed to our western minds, yet not altogether strange. As a good old church father observed a long time ago: "The way of truth is one, but into it, as a never-failing river, flow streams from all sides."

List of Places on the Map "Moscow."

1. Commercial Academy..... E4
2. Law Archives..... B6
3. Foreign Ministry Archives..... C4
4. Arsenal..... D4
5. Insane Asylum.....G 1, 2
6. Children's Asylum..... D7
7. Pokrov Association (hospital).. G2
8. Stock Exchange..... D4
9. Alexander Barracks..... .... D7
10. Cavalry Barracks..... C6
11. Gendarme Barracks..... D3
12. Kremlin Barracks..... D4
13. Khamovnitzy Barracks.....BC6
14. Krootizkija Barracks.....EF6
15. Pokrovskija Barracks..... E4
16. Red Barracks..... G4
17. Spasskija Barracks..... E3
18. Chamber of Finance..... C4
19. Chapel of Iberian Virgin..... D4
20. Club of the Nobles..... D4
21. College for Girls..... C3
22. Imperial College (3d)..... D4
23. Military Schools (1st and 2d)... G4
24. Military School (4th)..... G4
25. Old Commissariat..... E5
26. New Commissariat..... E5
27. Guardians Council..... E4
28. Ecclesiastical Consistory..... D4
29. Alexeievsky Convent..... F2
30. Andronovsky " F4
31. Danilovsky " D7
32. Donskoi " C7
33. New Convent of the Saviour... E6
34. St. Nicholas Greek Convent.... D4
35. Ivanovsky Convent..... E4
36. Novo-Devitchij " A6
37. Pokrovsky " F5
38. Rojdestvenskij " D3
39. Simonovskij " E7
40. Sretenskij " D3
41. Strastnoj " C3
42. Tchoodov " D4
43. Vosnessenskij " D4
44. Vyssoko-Petrovskij Convent... D3
45. Zaikonospasskij " ... D4
46. Zatchatievskij " ... C5
47. Znamenskij " ... D4
48. Female (Alex.-Mar.) School.... C5
49. Commercial School..... C5
50. School of Arts..... E3
51. Alexander Military School..... C4
52. Nicholas (Fem.) School..... E4
53. Normal School..... F3
54. Technical School..... F3
(*See also Colleges, Institutes and Lyceums.*)
55. Church Armenian E4
56. " Arkhangelsky Cathedral D4
57. " Annunciation..... D4
58. " Kazanskzja..... D4
59. " Assumption..... D4
60. " of St. Vasilij..... D4
61. " of Ascension..... E4
62. " of Saviour..... C5
63. " Reform..... E4
64. " of St. Luke.....D3, 4
65. " of St. Michel..... F3
66. " of Nikita..... F3
67. " of St. Peter and Paul (cath.)..... D3
68. Church Lutheran..... E4
69. Depot of Kursk-Nijnij-Novgorod.....EF4
71. Depot of Riazan..... E3
72. " of Smolensk..... B3
73. " of Jaroslavl.....E2, 3
74. Nicolaevsky Depot..... E3
75. Gostinyj Dvor..... D4
76. Civil Government..... C3
77. General Government.....CD4
78. Office of Imperial Stud..... C4
79. Clinic of Catherine..... D3
80. " Scheremetievskaja.....DE3
81. " University..... B6
82. " Ophthalmic..... C3
83. " Children..... C4
84. " Golitzynskaja..... C6
85. " Mariinskaja..... D2
86. " Military G3
87. " Municipal..... C6
88. " Pavlovskij..... D7
89. " Preobrajenskaja G1
90. " Vladimirskaja..... G2
91. Hospital Alexeievskij..... .. B7
92. " of Catherine..... G1
93. " Civil C6

94. Hospital of Foundlings..... E4
95. " (Branch)..... F3
96. " for Workmen..... D3
97. " Kyrakinskij..... E3
98. " Nabilkovskij..... E2
99. " Preobrajenskij..... H1
100. City Hall..... D4
101. Institute Elizabethian (fem)... F3
102. " Konstantinovskij F3
103. " Lazarevskij..... D4
104. Institution (fem.) Alexeiev....CD2
105. " " of Catherine. D2
106. Ivan the Great..... D4
107. Botanical Garden.....DE2
109. Zoological Garden..... B3
110. Kolymajnyj Dvor C5
111. Lobnoe Place..... D4
112. Lyceum of the Czarewitch....NC5
113. Provision Store..... C5
114. House of Detention..... E3
115. House of Romanoffs..... D4
116. Widow House..... B4
117. City Riding Academy..... D4
118. Monument of Minin..... D4
119. " " Poushkin..... C3
120. Museum of Industrial Arts.... D3
121. " Historical..... D4
122. " Polytechnical..... D4
123. " Roumiantzovskij..... C4
124. Observatory..... B4
125. Palace Alexandrov..... C6
126. " Kremlin..... D4
127. " Granovitaja Palata.... D4
128. " Lefortovskij FG3
129. " Nicolaevskij..... D4
130. Department of Police..... C4
131. Fire Department..... C5
132. Red Gates..... E3
133. General Post Office..... E3
134. Powder Magazine.....EF6, 7
135. Central Prison..... C2
136. Military Prison..... G4
137. Seminary.....CD3
138. Senate..... D4
139. Philanthropic Society.....DE4
140. Deaf-Mutes Asylum..... C7
141. Synod..... D4
142. Synodal Printing Establishment D4
143. Telegraph Central Office..... E3
144. Grand Theater..... D4
145. Lesser Theater.... ..... D4
146. Theatrical School..... D4
147. Soukharevskaja Tower..... D3
148. University..... D4
149. University Printing Office.... D3
150. Villa of Mamantov..... B7
151. Zapasry Dvor E3
152. Church of the Nativity..... B4

RUSSIA IN EUROPE

English Miles 0 100 200 300 — Kilometers 0 100 200 300

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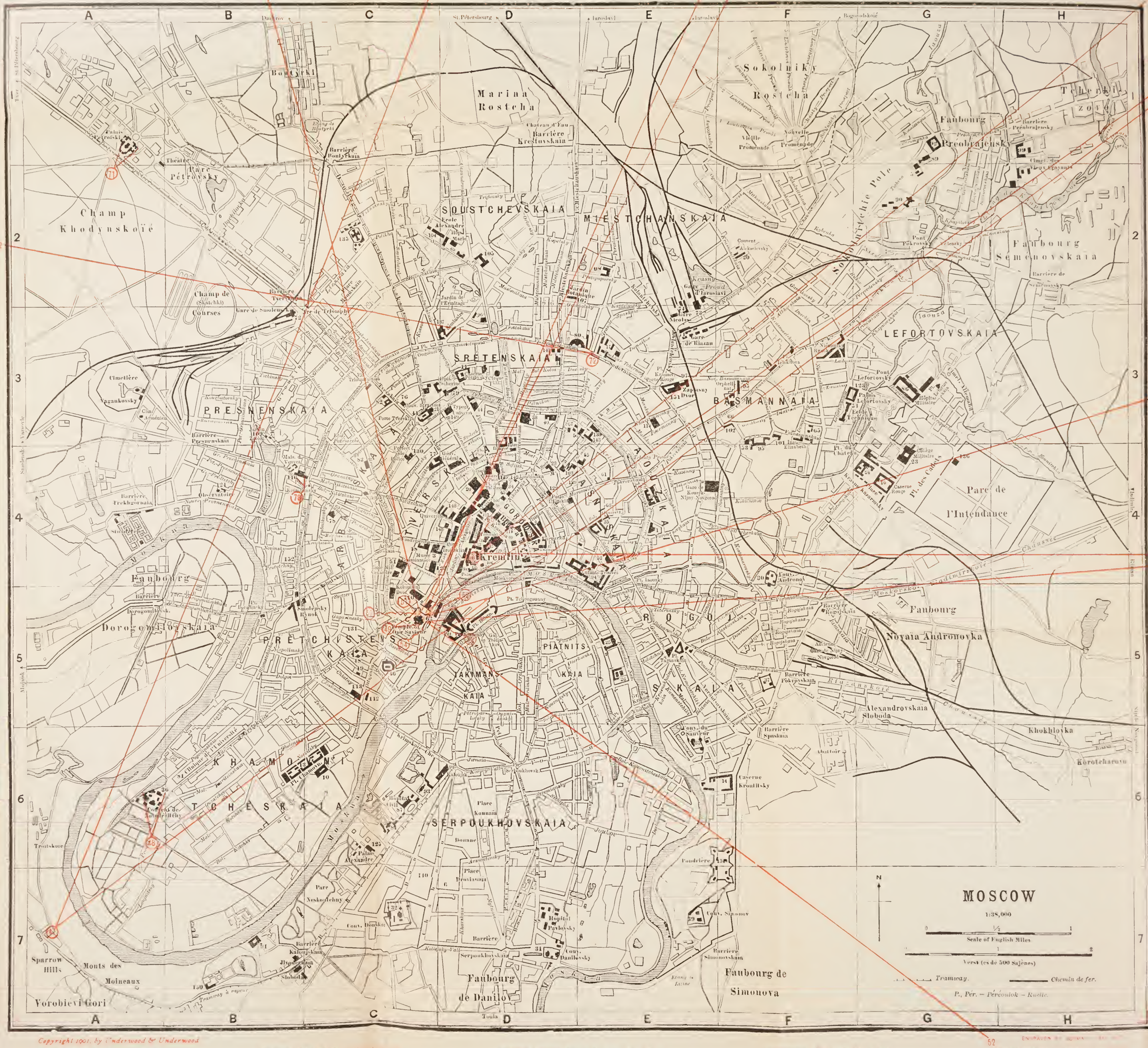
EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

(1) The red line with arrows shows the general route along which the places to be seen in the stereographs are located.

(2) The numbers in red refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.

(3) The rectangles in red, (□), indicate the sections that are given on special maps on a larger scale. Four special maps are given of St. Petersburg and its surroundings and two of Moscow.


MOSCOW
1:38,000
Scale of English Miles
Verst (es de 500 Sajènes)
Tramway.
Chemin de fer.
P., Per. = Pérévoulok = Ruelle.
Champ Khodynskoïé
Champ de (Skatchki) Courses
Champ de Mars
Champ de Manœuvres
Champ de Tir
Marina Rostcha
Sokolniky
Rostcha
Faubourg Préobrajensky
Faubourg Semenovskaia
Pare Pétrovsky
Pare de l'Intendance
Pare Neskoutchny
Jardin Botanique
Jardin de l'Ermitage
Cimetière Vaganikovsky
Cimetière Dévitchy Pole
Cimetière Vorontsovo Pole
Cimetière Lazarevsky
Cimetière Catholique
Cimetière Arménien
Cimetière Israélite
Cimetière Allemand
Cimetière Militaire
Cimetière des Vieux Croyants
Cimetière de Novodévitchy
Cimetière de Simonov
Cimetière de Danilov
Cimetière de Donskoï
Cimetière de Pimen
Cimetière de Saint-Nicolas
Cimetière de Saint-Serge
Cimetière de Saint-Vladimir
Cimetière de Sainte-Marie
Cimetière de Sainte-Marie-Madeleine
Cimetière de Sainte-Marie-Magdeleine

New York, Dec. 12th, 1901.

It does not seem possible to conceive a better substitute for an actual journey through Palestine than that devised by Messrs. Underwood & Underwood. The maps and descriptions are such an excellent guide, and the views as seen through the stereoscope are so realistic, that one who will follow the directions given, and who has the patience to look intently upon the scene before him, and with full consciousness of its import, may feel that he is actually standing upon the sacred hills or the footpaths over which the Saviour trod, and gazing upon real scenes illuminated with eternal significance.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) **SAMUEL WEIR, Ph. D.**

(Formerly Professor of Philosophy in the School of Pedagogy, New York University.)

MAY 5 -

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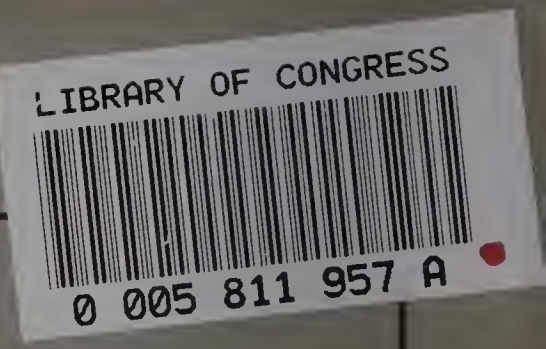

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,

Toronto, Canada.

There is, indeed, nothing more appropriate for giving object lessons in geography, archaeology, history of arts, etc., than stereoscopic photographs. One look through the stereoscope at the photographs of an Alpine glacier, the bas-reliefs of an ancient Egyptian Temple, or the ruins of Pompeii, teaches more than hours spent in hearing or reading descriptions. I believe that to the stereoscopic photograph belongs a future, not only for educational but also for scientific purposes. There is no simpler and better means of keeping accurate record of a situation (scenery, apparatus, etc.) than a stereoscopic photograph, and indeed the stereoscopic camera has been employed in this way in my laboratory for some time.

(Signed) A. KIRCHMANN, Ph. D.,

(Director Psychological Department.)